

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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DECEMBER 13, 1915.

GERMAN-AMERICANS MISLED BY THEIR OWN NEWSPAPERS.

If the German-Americans as a class have been misrepresented, their quarrel is chiefly with their own newspapers.

The response of our German language publications to the president's message to congress is almost incredible to the rest of the American press. They have bristled with indignation over that part of the document which condemned disloyal and urged the need of suppressing plots for the destruction of American property, life and neutrality.

In this utterance President Wilson mentioned no names. And yet the German language papers have uniformly accepted the criticism as directed solely against German-Americans, and against all German-Americans. What the German population as a whole thinks of such drastic condemnation at the hands of their own press remains to be seen. The rest of the nation would never dream of making such an arraignment.

It is all the more incomprehensible from the fact that the president expressly declared that the offenders, though "infinitely malignant," are "not many," and paid deserved tribute of praise to "those sturdy hosts by which our nation has been enriched in recent generations out of virile foreign stocks." Why the German language newspapers should take a sort of bitter satisfaction in interpreting the president's denunciation of "creatures of passion and anarchy," as meant for the entire German-American population remains a mystery.

Just as mysterious is the attitude taken by these newspapers toward the crimes that inspired the denunciation. They have chosen to ignore absolutely the conspiracies and acts of violence of which the whole nation has knowledge. According to them, there have been no ships burned at sea, no munition factories blown up or leveled by incendiary fires, no American property destroyed, no American lives lost, no American laws broken, by men acting in Germany's behalf for money or from alien loyalty.

These newspapers are not merely misrepresenting their people, but they are shutting their eyes to patent facts. No passage in the president's message was greeted with nearly so unanimous evidence of approval, from democrats and republicans alike, as that dealing with treasonable conspiracy on American soil. Congress knows what has been going on, and the nation knows. And if the German newspapers want to protect German-Americans as a class from unjust criticism or suspicion, the way is plain.

All they have to do is to recognize that such crimes have occurred, and indicate their desire that the real criminals shall be brought to justice so that the many innocent may not suffer from the acts of the few guilty ones.

WHY NOT DELIBERATELY HANG THIS MAN SUMMERS?

That a man like Gabriel R. Summers, citizen of South Bend, principal stockholder in The News-Times, among the city's heaviest taxpayers, and, incidentally, a manufacturer of "patent medicines," so-called, should presume to pursue his various businesses without consulting the local guardians of the "medical trust," most assuredly, should not be tolerated any longer.

This is particularly assured since the recent issue of the "Monthly Bulletin of the St. Joseph County Medical Society," Dr. Gammack, editor, assisted by Dr. Dresch, and especially with reference to the editorship of Mr. Summers' newspaper. How much of approval they have from Drs. Owen, Baker, Clark and Senenich, other officers of the society back of the "monthly," it would be interesting to know.

That Mr. Summers should have the sublimated audacity, not to take these "men of science" into "servile" account, bowing submissively to their egotism, unqualifiedly renders him a menace to the community—even though by his failure to qualify the public morality and the science of life be more generously served.

Take this, for example, quoted from the medical "Bulletin" in this column Sunday incident to that "scientific" journal's analysis of "ye" editor, and here represented as to the point:

"Perhaps he is one of those animals of limited mentality who considers it necessary to lick the hand that feeds him, but though the Hon. Gabriel R. Summers is in the patent medicine business, we believe he is too big a man mentally to enjoy such servility."

this because we have ventured to criticize the self-asserted God Almighty of the medical fraternity who seem to think that the whole question of life and death, originated and ends, in their professional cosmos—a surgeon's knife, if you please, sterilized in "sop"—and we have it from Mr. Summers himself, to tell them to go—"take a jump in the beautiful and placid waters of the St. Joe."

Oh, no, the medical never "lick the hand that feeds" them—witness some of the expert testimony that we occasionally hear in our criminal courts, obtainable for any sort of a proposition, if you have the price,—and the further frequency with which these "men of science" are called upon to screen their professional brethren, who have sold their services in questionable cases, not wisely, but too well.

But for this professional screening, perhaps incumbent because of the all too general demand for it: were the prosecuting attorneys of this land to make it known tomorrow that all the cases of deliberate malpractice brought their attention, would go to the grand jury,—there would be such a scrambling for surgeries in the armies of war-ridden Europe, that we would have scarce enough doctors left to care for a healthy epidemic of whooping-cough.

Types of "animals of limited mentality"—or un-

limited rascality, we would say—"who consider it necessary to kiss the hand that feeds them," or what are they?

But there is another type of animal, which the doctors seem to regard as of very "limited mentality," that needs to be kicked into "servility," evidently, in their judgment, a sort of "yellow dog" public, and thus we see those doctors organizing to monopolize that "servility,"—force the people to lick their hands, whether they would or no.

This reference, of course, is to the "trustfulizing" doctors in particular. There are medical men who are real medical men; who understand their business and go about it depending upon their skill to establish their practice for them, and are willing to meet situations within professional lines, without seeking to have them tied up for them in a knot, and delivered on a gold platter. These, however, are not the loud mouthed ones. They prove their ability by their work, rather than by ranting denunciation of all criticism of medical failures. A real man of science accepts criticism at what it is worth and improves by it. It is only the "touch-me-not" element, with little or nothing to improve upon, that craves "trustfulizing" and presumes to know it all.

That Mr. Summers could consent to let his newspaper serve the public, without respect for the wiles, cunning and bluster of this fast-developing medical trust, very naturally arouses its indignation. Most assuredly, he ought to be sawed, and quartered, and his tongue torn out by the roots,—after which, it may perhaps be discovered that the editorial offices of The News-Times are still in the News-Times building, 210 W. Colfax av., instead of at the offices of Vanderhoof & Co., foot of Washington st., just as they are now; also that the newspaper is run, and its policy directed from these editorial offices, q. v.

HOW WE UNSCRAMBLE THE STANDARD OIL EGG.

We are being ground up, absorbed, assimilated by the Standard Oil octopus. But, a decade or more of the finest sort of statecraft had given us law to relieve us. The U. S. supreme court unloosed the tentacles of the octopus, unscrambled the trust as some put it, rendered decisions intended to prevent enormous profits being extorted out of us. Where are the octopus and we today? The octopus is here as a fragmentary octopus, and we're in the octopus. Same old situation, only more so.

Stock in the New York tentacle of the octopus is selling at 284, in the New Jersey at 487, the Indiana at 457, the California at 326 and in the Prairie Oil & Gas at 450.

Ten advances in prices of oils and gasoline have been made in the middle west since August and an ocean of yeast seems to have been stirred into the market everywhere. The octopus is just the same old successfully ravenous beast and we're just the same old helpless "meat," in spite of all the law-making, yelling of bloody murder, prosecuting, and talent of the U. S. supreme court.

Thus far, "regulating" monopoly has proved a miserable, open faced farce and fizzle.

MALE WAR BABIES.

Some months ago a report from a big London district indicated that, contrary to the accepted tradition, more girl babies were being born than boys. Feminists and pacifists seized on the figures as suggesting that even nature had turned against war, and refused to produce more men for cannon-fodder.

Now more complete reports from England seem to support the old belief that nature in some mysterious way does adjust the sex of the new generation to repair the ravages of war.

Statistics for thirty-six towns in England and Wales show a surplus of boy babies that is unprecedented. In the first three months of this year, for every 1,000 girl babies there were 1,032 boys. For the second three months, there were 42 more boys than girls, and for the next three months 55 more.

That means an extra five and one-half boys for every hundred girls. It means the addition of about one male to every twenty born normally. And if this ratio were maintained, it might actually make up, within a few years, the nation's male deficit caused by war fatalities.

There may be no "scientific explanation" for this boy baby tradition. And yet here are the figures. And what are the skeptical scientists going to do about them?

PAPER FROM GRASS.

The department of agriculture has been experimenting on making paper from grass. This grass grows on the Pacific slope and in western Mexico. So far the results of the trials have been very good. The paper is a first-grade, machine-finished printing paper, satisfactory in appearance and feel. The process is a simpler one than making paper from wood pulp, one operation being omitted. It takes a little more bleaching powder than poplar stock does.

If wire grass is used for paper making on a large scale it will mean a big help in forest conservation. At present wood in the United States is being used about three times as fast as it grows. The demand increases constantly. If we are to keep our production and consumption of wood balanced, which is the aim of good forestry, substitutes for wood are needed in order to let production catch up with the demand. The use of wire grass in paper manufacture would not only save a vast amount of woodpulp each year, but by so doing would assist in keeping down the price of paper.

INSULTING HEAVEN.

Miss Anna B. Stahl of Denver is suing her "heaven made husband" for \$75,000 because he wouldn't stay made. The basis for the suit, however, is a very earthly contract in which the defendant agreed to cast his lawfully wedded wife into the discards for keeps, as it were.

Heaven is always responsible for making these triangular affinity-matches, if you take the word of the last corner to the triangle for it, but if the job happens to be botched it's the earthly courts which are called upon to settle the question of damages, etc. Should a cruel judge, or jury, deny her a proper measure of heart balm, Miss Stahl will probably conclude that the devil was, at least, the consulting architect.

French soldiers are excitedly betting on what it is that always enormously bulges Gen. Joffre's right hand lower pocket. Now, if Joffre were a Russian general, we'd bet it's an automobile, handy for falling back to a more favorable position, but maybe it's only his plug tobacco.

"Dear editor," writes something signing itself "Claude," "what would be an appropriate present to give my lady-love's papa?" Oh, get him a pair of spurs, or one of these here electric lights that you can flash on dark corners suddenly!

A German cruiser has been blown up, in the Baltic, by a British mine, 'tis said, but we won't believe it until we learn whether the LaFollette seamen's act wasn't seen lurking around.

Please, won't the war writers let up on that Armageddon word for a while! It is nothing but a shadow of its former sturdy self. Try Bunker Hill, for a change!

SKETCHES FROM LIFE



"TWO AS CHEAP AS ONE—HUH"

THE MELTING POT
COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WHATTDAY A MEAN, A JOB.
In olden days it used to be,
When men asked for a place,
They really wanted work, you know,
And thought it no disgrace;
But nowadays, that's not the thing,
They want the job for sure,
Not for employment that it brings,
But as a sinecure.

IT will be an unpopular thing to say, but we subscribe to the sentiment embodied in Sen. Cummins' senate resolution that "it ought to be made impossible for any person or corporation to make money out of war." And that is all we care to say about it, except that the reasons are obvious.

WE enjoyed reading that part of the president's speech at Columbus in which he threw the door of sainthood wide open and reduced it to a democratic demonstration for "the people whose individual lives have been transformed by Christianity." This gives us a large unlabeled contingent as much entitled to sainthood as the distinguished few who wear aureoles, the symbols of accidental glory, and occupy space in the encyclopedias.

GENTLEMEN of the bar, shake hands with Hubbard and Pettengill.

The Thumb In the Soup.
(Boswell's Life of Johnson.)
We went to his home to tea. Mrs. Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward; for I fancied she put her finger down a little way until she felt the tea touch it.

OUR militia expert thinks the allies are trying to force the hand of Greece by backing up on her territory, and we admit there may be something in it. Let us ask you, when the Bulgars come charging in there after the allies will Greece her knee in suppliance bend? Not on your war bride.

THE thought suggested by the picture of little Princess Marie in Saturday's N-T. is that if we could all be as little children, as the good book enjoins us to be, we could not only smile at our misfortunes, but forestall many of them by kissing and making up after we quarrel.

In Lo Society.
(Colony, Okla., Courier.)
Creeping Bear is hauling freight

There Are Five—Count 'Em.
(From the N-T.)
Preceded by two eminent speakers the president was introduced by Chairman Shiller Mathews in but four words:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the president."

"AS a precautionary measure," writes A. L. T. "I have handed the missus this Christmas list expurgatorious:

"Cigars.
"Neckties.
"Almost anything else she might select for me I could probably use or give away."

The Prodigal Husband.
(Columbia City Post.)
Arthur Overholzer, of North Manchester, is in this city the guest of his wife and her father, David Williamson.

CASUALTIES from the football and hunting seasons find their counterpart at this season among maids engaged in their favorite pastime of starting the fire with gasoline.

TO paraphrase, they go up on high.
C. N. F.

Editor News-Times:—The Tribune of Wednesday printed among its editorial—"Probably when prohibition comes, druggists will have 'something just as good.'" Certain publications are in the habit of printing slurring paragraphs about druggists, who as a class are in respectability and responsibility far ahead of the editors and publishers of these journals. Please make specific charges Mr. Tribune or let druggists alone.

—The Drug Men.

For the last 30 years the average yield of potatoes an acre in Ontario has been about 42 percent over that of the United States

CANADIAN HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS
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London.....11.20
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Peterboro.....18.80
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